

# RESTORATION



Vol. IV.

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No. 2.

## Youth Shuns "Easy Way" To Cross On Calvary

By Catherine DeHueck

Dear Sister, Today, I want to speak to you about vocations, for you and I know the terrific need for them in all the teaching orders. Whole districts, especially rural ones, are without any Catholic school because of the lack of vocations. From all sides harried pastors call on you to come and help them out, starting a parish school here, and another there. Bishops besiege you for more high schools, more colleges. Sadly you have to turn them away, for your membership is already carrying a tremendous load.

And all for the lack of vocations!

### Mould of Our Children

When to this is added the thought that our Catholic schools are indeed the last and strongest bulwark against the many enemies that threaten our civilization, the situation becomes full of deep tragedy. This has to be overcome, or we shall all perish; for as the child is moulded, so is the nation. And one thing we desire above all else is that the mould for OUR children, be that of Christ.

But how to increase vocations? And why should I, a lay person and not a teacher, dare to make suggestions about them?

The only reason I attempt to do so, is, first, because you asked me to; second, because I have been in touch with modern youth through the lay apostolate, Friendship House style, these twenty years, and have learned a little bit about the "mind of youth."

For what it is worth I pass this knowledge on to you.

### Spades Are Not Clubs

My first point is that you are too reserved and too shy. Oh, I grant you the right to be both; but in our strange twilight days there is really no room for either. These are the times when one must lay all cards face upward on the table and call a spade a spade.

Do this and your vocations, I think, will increase by leaps and bounds. You can begin anywhere you like. Perhaps the re-writing of your vocation-pamphlets will be as good a place to start as any.

Start, anyway with telling young women what it REALLY means to be the brides of Christ. Do not soft pedal it. Use, for your pictures to illustrate said pamphlets . . . THE CROSS . . . THE CELL.

Explain that the first means death to self, complete dedication . . . and a passionate, utter love of the Crucified, which leads inevitably to one's own crucifixion. Tell them in spare stark words, about the **HARDNESS OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE**. That is the Cross that awaits them.

Speak to them frankly of the CELL, which, in any language, means austerity, mortification and above all **LONELINESS**. The loneli-

ness of the modern girl who feels stirring in her the grace of the Holy Ghost, and who daily comes in contact with a world gone mad with the love of material comforts, security and softness, the pictures that usually dot your vocation pamphlets, those subjects of gay novices playing ball or tennis, or studying in big airy rooms, or walking in spacious convent gardens, have little or no appeal.

In fact, if the truth be known, they repel her! Only recently a young girl

## Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

It is quite a dilemma — I mean this task of being a pastor in a rural parish, in any parish, for that matter.

"All in all to all men." And there are as many different shades of character as there are people . . . One would have to be a kind of chameleon, changing his color, or attitude, or what have you,

### The Dead Were Good

This kind of parishioner wants me to be more of a layman and to be his representative at public functions and community affairs. But he is everlastingly praising my predecessor, or Father Untel, "Who was such a holy man, so quiet and retiring."

If I use forceful language, striking comparisons, and try to describe things, in my sermons, in a manner calculated to arrest attention, some say that I am taking advantage of my position to hit at them personally.

When I use unusual words that smite, it is said of me that I am merely being sensational. If I don't use forceful expressions and am dull (which I am, often) people go to slumber. Or they don't come at all.

Some wonder what I do, with all the time at my disposal. There are others who tell me they don't see how I keep going at all, with all the burdens I have to carry.

The first are the kind that tell me I am getting stout. To these I reply "That it must be the tight collar I am wearing." Shortly after, the latter say that I am wasting away to a shadow. I make the rejoinder that I am still fat on the inside.

### What Money?

There are some too, who wonder what I do with all the money I get. I marvel at that myself. Not at the amount I receive, but how I do so much with so little.

Then there's the church income. It is a source of (verbal) worry to the stingy souls who contribute a scant tenth of the tithes they are expected to give. These feel very sorry for me because I have such a hard time trying to raise more than an umbrella over the annual expenses.

Those who give fairly well towards the upkeep, think I have it pretty soft and easy.

Come weal or woe, as the years roll along, my hide becomes thick and tough. A cold wind or a hot one burns the face alike. One treats a burn almost in the same manner as a frost bite. Criticism has no more effect on me than praise. I am case-hardened now, I suppose.

## Morning Thought

By Sister M. Ursula

Delicious Boy  
With taffy hair,  
Apple cheeks,  
And cherry lips,  
Did your Mama dream,  
Kissing Your  
Sweet finger tips,  
That You would be  
My Bread?

MAKE READY THE WAY OF THE LORD ~  
MAKE STRAIGHT HIS PATHS ~



ness of Christ, Who was God and Man, One set apart among men.

Make it crystal clear, that community life is a joy indeed, but also the most powerful means of true mortification ever given to humans who desire to lose themselves in God.

### It Will Be Dark

Prepare them for the times of stygian darkness that comes to all lovers of Christ. Tell them about the Dark Night, so well described by St. John of the Cross. Do not forget to mention that temptations will knock at their doors, in the convent as well as outside, and that doubts will walk with them to the Chapel and from it.

In a word, tell them the truth.

They will lap it up and I think, come knocking at your doors in great numbers. Many wish to do so now. But they wonder, seeing your holy serenity, your constant gentleness, charity, and kindness, if yours is not TOO EASY a life to lead, in this century, which may call them all to martyrdom. They have no idea how hard a life yours really is.

They are so young, so innocent yet, in the ways of the spirit, that they do not understand, unless it is clearly and directly told to them, that the price of your serenity, your peace, your joy, IS THE CROSS, AND YOU LYING ON IT.

Tell them about that!

Convent Pictures Repel

To the young eager soul

brought me one of these, and told me she was going to one of the lay apostolate groups because those lived in the slums and had a real HARD LIFE.

It took me some three hours of talking, point by point, to show this soul of predilection, who markedly had a vocation to the religious life and not to the lay apostolate, that she was judging very superficially, that God had honored her with a great and holy calling, and that she would be failing Him all along the line if she took a lesser vocation, and one that could, under the circumstances, have very grave consequences for her growth in holiness.

### Convent Life Attracts

Yet as soon as YOUR LIFE WAS REVEALED TO HER, AS YOU LIVE IT; as soon as she comprehended the depth of it and the height of it and the splendor and the joy of it, as soon as she grasped the stupendous price to be paid for it . . . she arose and almost ran to write the letter of application to that order of nuns whose pamphlet had so disturbed her.

I know I sound crazy, but believe me, Sister, modern Catholic youth wants really to give . . . give itself . . . to God . . . in the hardest way possible. It craves this utter dedication . . . Golgotha IS its goal.

That is one reason Trappists and Trappistines are besieged by vocations.

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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

The dawn of a new year has broken. Nineteen Fifty-One has come from eternity to spend three hundred and sixty-five days on earth, and return to the same eternity that is God's footstool.

What will its now empty hands garner to bring the Lord of Hosts? With what, are we, to whom this space of time has been given, going to fill them? The carnage of war? The smoking ruins of our proud cities? The moans of men and women broken under them, and the pitiful cries of dying children?

Or will we fill those hands only with the bitter, dark flowers of hatred, fratricide, and lust to kill?

Will this year bring us to our senses, and hence to our knees, making us realize, finally, that all of us, with our tragic civilization, our magnificent buildings, and all our technical achievements, constitute but a grain of dust in the hollow of God's hand?

Will we begin to understand that there is but one way really to avert war, and that is to don sackcloth and ashes, to mortify our senses, to retire into the fastness of our own souls and hearts and spend there most of our leisure time in prayer? . . . Prayer of repentance, of atonement, of petition and adoration. . . . Prayer besieging the Prince of Pardon and Peace to take us back into His wounded heart, from which, like the Prodigal of the Gospel, we have wandered far!

O Lord of Mercy, make this New Year a miracle year. Bring us to our knees. Give us the grace to weep over our sins. Let the cocks of our consciences crow three or more times to remind us that You alone possess the answers to our anguish . . . that You alone can change darkness into light, sorrow into joy, death into life.

Lord of Love, open our dried-up little hearts. Make them big. Big enough for You to come and dwell again therein. Unveil our souls that have enclosed themselves in the dark fortresses of ourselves. Set them free . . . that they may destroy this idol, this self, and adore again only Thee, the Adorable.

Lord of Light, be a lamp to our straying feet. Set them on Thy path of gladness and joy. Teach them to walk once more in charity and self-forgetfulness.

Mary, Mother of God, bend down to us . . . and turn our eyes, that have been immersed in the sea of godlessness . . . upward and inward . . . so that we may be rid of our blindness, and seeing, behold Him Who came down from Heaven through you, to give us sight . . . and beholding Him, fall down and worship Him fully, as did the Magi.

Be our star. Lead us back home. For well we know that if we do not arise now and start on this holy journey . . . the empty hands of this new year will bring to the Lord of Hosts the stench of burning cities, and of rotting flesh.

Amen.

**A contrite  
and humble heart,  
Lord,  
Thou wilt not despise**

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Father Callahan blessed the wine, and I poured some into his glass.

He raised it slowly to his lips, and waited until my glass was filled, and ready to be sipped. He bowed to me then, solemnly, and touched his glass to mine.

"I give you," he said, "the love of St. John!"

He drank of the wine, and ate some of the bread he held in his other hand, bread he had broken with a number of us around the dinner table.

"I thank you for the love of St. John," I said, drinking a little of the wine in turn, and nibbling some of the bread. Then, turning to my wife, I gave the love of St. John to her. She passed it to the others at the table before we sat down.

Eddie The Immured

In my police reporting days in Chicago I knew a character who was known as "Eddie the Immured." The name had been tacked on to him because, no matter who arrested him, nor on what

him, but a man tough enough to go with Mary to the foot of the cross, and to dare Christ's enemies to put him to death with the Master. I remembered Father Kelly's statement:

"He was the only one of the twelve who dared rest his head on the Master's bosom. He had to be tough to dare that. Are you that tough?"

And I remembered a story that Father Ed Meyers, the Redemptorist missionary, told at a retreat some years ago. It was about a sergeant who had been taken to a base hospital, badly wounded. He told the attending priest of his admiration and love for St. John, and of how he had always envied him the privilege of listening to the Sacred Heart of Christ.

Listening To A Heart Beat

The chaplain brought Communion to the sergeant every morning, in the pyx he carried over his heart. Every morning the sergeant tried to get out of bed, to go on his knees. Every morning the

## The B's Corner

Rural recreation has been much on my mind lately. Perhaps because only recently I received a letter from a group of seminarians who were preparing this topic for a discussion. They asked for any ideas I had on the subject. Then too, several visiting priests have been concerned with rural recreation, and have spoken about it lately at Madonna House.

Reading the letter, listening to the priests, it came to me, that rural life in general was one of the ways of life the Church loved best. For it is a natural field for the planting, growth, and development of all the supernatural virtues that lead man straight to his final goal—THE BEATIFIC VISION.

What A Farm Does

For the farm keeps the family together. It provides too that—"modicum of necessities" that St. Thomas of Aquinas says are needed for the practice of these very virtues. It enhances the dignity of man. It gives healthful and normal environ-

## Blessed are the Peacemakers



For They Shall Be Called the Children of God

charge, some judge always let him go free. He was immune to everything except the pal's bullet that cut him down.

I was thinking of him in my recent encasement. I was not "Eddie the Immured," however. "I was Eddie the Immured." So many things had happened to lay me on the shelf—or mattress as we sometimes call it. And so many little things had made me stay there!

It was a blessing to be allowed to come down stairs for midnight Mass on Christmas eve. I heard the Mass in St. Pat's cathedral, New York City; and in the Holy Name cathedral in Chicago.

Then everybody came home from midnight Mass in Combermere and we shut off the radio and turned on the Christmas candles, the food, and the exclamations of joy over our presents as Catherine snatched them from beneath the tree and read the names on them.

The Feast of St. John

Father John T. Callahan of Rochester, N.Y., came driving up the day after Christmas; and we made arrangements for him to say Mass here on St. John's day, his feast day.

And after Mass he brought me Holy Communion, and talked to me a long time about the beloved disciple, and the things he wrote on the Isle of Patmos.

I remembered a lot of things about St. John, as I lay there after Communion. I remembered, especially, Father John Kelly of New York, who taught me that St. John was not the sissy painters have always painted

chaplain had to get him back into his place. Then came the morning when both the priest and the sergeant knew that death was near. The priest knelt to whisper to the dying man. The sergeant awoke, started to get up, fell against the priest, and died with his ear against the pyx that held the Sacred Host, and against the heart that beat behind it!

So, Father Callahan and I both decided, we should have a dinner in honor of the love of St. John, that evening. Thus we broke bread, in the old manner. And thus we drank wine together in his name, invoking his love for one another—about fifteen of us, around the long table in the library-living room—dining room—office of Madonna House.

I thought, afterwards, simple humble country boy that I am, that it might be a good thing if Father Callahan and I should toast the other evangelists also, St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke.

Bless Them All

I confess there was also, somewhere in the background of my mind, the feeling that it wasn't quite the Christmas spirit to toast the memory of only four of the twelve apostles.

I will further concede, that it also occurred to me as somewhat shameful not to give a separate—and even a generous—toast to such saints as Stephen, Sebastian, Agnes, Dominic, Thomas Aquinas, Francis, Alphonsus, Don Bosco, Blessed Martin de Porres, the

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ment to children. It helps the raising of large families according to God's plan.

One should really have little to think or write about in connection with "rural recreation." For the word "rural" is still almost synonymous with "home." And home is where recreation always belonged, and should still belong. But alas in our modern days of television, radios, fast transportation, and good roads, the lines of demarcation between the artificial recreation of the city and the country, have been all but blotted out. Hence the subject has become again of vast importance. No wonder that rural pastors worry about it, and seminarians are given it as topics of discussions.

Yet one thing must be firmly kept in mind, when approaching rural recreation from any angle . . . All planning must tend but to one goal . . . THE RESTORATION OF RECREATION TO THE HOME where it naturally and supernaturally belongs. Unless this is done, the planning will go awry, and the results will be nil.

Begun From Afar

True, in some rural areas, this return, or restoration will have to be begun from afar. For the majority of country folks have become used to the next town movie, and their youth think nothing of jumping into the family car, and driving over the smooth highways—stopping off, perhaps, at some of the many taverns, beer parlors, cocktail bars, or dancing halls that line its borders, and where sturdy

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## COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The tree still stands in all its Christmas splendor, awaiting the coming of the Magi... Epiphany... Little Christmas. The living room still has its beautiful decoration of Christmas cards, which it has been my custom to hang all around the walls, first around the top, near the ceiling, then pinned on ribbons that hang like streamers here and there, where there is wall-space.

I love each and every card. They all add so much color and joy to this Holy Season. I never tire looking them over and over. They represent to me one of the greatest gifts with which God has favored me... FRIENDS. Each card speaks of love, understanding, friendship, remembrance. So each is a flaming torch that lights our way in the Apostolate.

### Going Up Is Hard

It is a somewhat lonely way. Often the ascent is hard, and difficult. There is always the temptation to stop, turn back... give up. It is for moments like these that God has made us the gift of friends.

In comes a letter, a card, a note, that lights the path, and makes it easy again.

With a heart full of gratitude, we thank God, and everyone of our friends who sent us this lovely token of their charity. Alas, holy poverty, does not permit us this year to reciprocate in a like manner.

But we have asked a priest of God to offer up the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for all our friends, in the U.S.A. and Canada. That is our "Christmas Card" to you, beloved in Christ.

Again this was a joyous and blessed Christmas, the preparations for which began at Madonna House early in November. For that is when the parcels sent by our many friends began to arrive. Scripture says that all things should move in the tranquility of God's Order. So we organized St. Joseph's house, as St. Nicholas' storehouse. Its big light rooms, and its many tables, lend themselves ideally to this end.

### Neat Arrangements

In a month the place was full of boys' toys, clothing, and accessories were tidily lined up on one table; girls' things on another, jewelry on a third. Baby things were laid out here, ladies' there. Men had a corner all to themselves. It was then a

matter of unpacking the parcels that came, sorting them out, and repacking again.

First packed were the boxes for Fr. William Dwyer, who took them to his lonely hills and the families living in them. Next Fr. Michael Hass came, and took his share to the little village of Raglan, which nestles in a bend of the Madawaska river.

Last but not least the Combermere parcels were prepared. By then we had lost count of their numbers. All of us dreamed of tissue papers. Red, white, green, blue. Mounds of it. And we dreamed also of seals and tags — mountains of them. With little boys and girls dancing, now fast, now slow, to the music of the rustling papers.

But it was fun... all the way. And the party as usual was good! Members of our Summer School Alumni helped to make it so. Ranald Hay, Maureen O'Sullivan, Margaret Conroy, Dugald McFarlane, Mary Langlois, Louis Stoeckle, and the Staff all took part.

### And Mass Too

I wish I could take you all with us to Midnight Mass here, show you the utter whiteness of the snow glittering under the stars, introduce you to the dark, dark green pines, so silent and so stately, and point out to you the cozy houses of our neighbors, warm and glowing against the cold, with glad wreaths on their doors.

I wish I could bring you into the little church alight with candles, and show you the hand-made crib, lovingly fashioned long ago by Victor Bouchard (R.I.P.) with a real log cabin effect, so in tune with this part of the world.

Often I dream of inviting you all to come to Madonna House after the Mass, to partake of our collation, sing carols with us, and accept a humble tiny gift from under our tree.

Yes, the tree still stands in all its Christmas glory awaiting the coming of the Magi. For we too have gifts to bring the Christ Child at Epiphany! The myrrh of gratitude for being allowed to serve Him in the Apostolate of Friendship House. The gold of our love of Him in our neighbor. And the frank-incense of our days, that are all His.

Alleluia.

## THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

bodies and young souls are easily lost.

Confronted with this dilemma, and realizing that something must be done to give wholesome recreation to youth and adults alike, a beginning must be made at once before it is too late.

The first step of that beginning lies in centering as much of the recreational activities as possible around the parish, or around Rural Settlement Houses that can easily fill the stop gap.

### Drama's The Thing

Drama is one of the first and easiest techniques to get youth and adults together. Skits, plays, etc., can be rehearsed in the homes, thus bringing both groups in con-



tact with each other. The props to be made, call naturally to the "father-son teams," the costumes "to mother and daughter." The lunches served after rehearsals, ditto.

The presentation of plays is also a good medium for continuous fund-raising for the Church, or for further recreational equipment.

The celebration of feast days, birthdays, or wedding anniversaries are occasions that can bring recreation back into the home, with neighbors participating, the young people having an evening of square-dancing, games, and refreshments, and the older folks, cards and social entertainments.

Christmas gift-making parties, or handicraft parties held to make ready for the church bazaar or picnic, are yet another way of bringing rural folks together for fun and profit.

### Sports Help Too

Sports are a major way too. Baseball teams. Soft ball teams. Swimming tournaments — preceeded by swimming instructions — so easily obtainable from the local Red Cross headquarters. Such a tournament could be the event of the year — if you set about to make it such.

Study Clubs, their discussions followed by a little social time — or by a game of cards — would do good for body and soul and also provide a change from the grinding monotony of winter chores and the loneliness of the snow-bound farm.

Picnics in the summer, for the Parish, with all kinds of events for young and old — as varied as the imagination of the leader. Hiking, scouting, Girl Guiding. All these are part and parcel of organized recreation that can be used to uphold the home,

and bring children back to it instead of chasing them away from it.

Once a parish, as a whole, has tasted of all or some of this recreational fare, the closeness of neighbors to one another and to all the parish, grows by leaps and bounds. And the priests will find a new unity among their people, find them more of a team because they have learned to play together. They also will be more ready to work for the Church, and the pastor, and their own mutual good.

### And A Square-Dance

The parish hall is a natural first step toward returning the recreation to the home. There the plays are presented in the winter, card parties may be held on a large scale; and, if the pastor be willing, square-dances, well supervised and chaperoned, can be held.

Of course, back of all this, is the indoctrination of the people, especially the parents, as to their role in this recreational question. In fact, it amounts to restoring the parents to the home for it is they who, in the last analysis, do control the recreation of their offspring. Unless **THEY** understand the whys and wherefores of home recreation, all efforts will be vain.

Such were my recent musings on this all-engrossing topic. For, since Friendship House has entered the field of the rural apostolate, we all have become cognizant of the need of recreation in general, and of bringing it back into the homes, in particular.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

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forty African martyrs, and hundreds of others. The spirit, at least, was willing.

Father Callahan said that, while I was at it I might as well consider that there were at least thirty canonized saints named John; but he didn't consider it quite good form to invite them all, each separately or en masse, to this particular feast, or at this particular time.

### Enter The Nurse

While I was marshalling arguments to my own advantage, however, and to the discomfiture of all who might contradict me, my nurse appropriated the bottle forthwith and notwithstanding; and took it away with her, saying that it was blessed wine, and might be partaken of only by those that blessed wine might help.

Alas, wine is not the drink for me!

How the delicious vintage came to our table that day has been kept a secret from me. We have produced some wine here, out of dandelion heads, out of choke-cherries, and out of other pleasant fruits and flowers grown here and hereabouts. But wine that is made of grapes comes rarely onto our menus.

The wine we drank for the love of St. John, was, I am sure, given to us with the love of some friend.

I give him the love of St. John, and all the goodwill the love of St. John engendered in us.

## Madonna House

(For Catherine Doherty)

The little hallows walk  
Among your panes with  
Feet of silence. I  
Have seen this peace  
Sit, lofty as a mooncrest  
In between the pillars  
Of a prayer.

The singing shadows wait  
Around your mantle, to be  
Sold for light, so vast that  
All the snow-crums only  
Paint its image. I  
Have drunk this music at  
The table of a vision.

The little hallows walk  
Among your windows,  
Calm as the gates they lat-  
tice, or  
As brilliant as a hope  
In speeded breath of travel-  
ers.

Mary, lovely, lovely Lady,  
Burn this haven in your  
handfold  
For a glory, and tomorrow  
It will shout like blossoming.  
—Martin Moscato

## For This New Year Make This My Prayer

By Lavada Ward Strona

Dear Mother of us all,

Help me to love without re-  
sentment  
Those who hurt without in-  
tention,  
And those who hurt with  
malice.

Help me to know that hurt  
breeds hurt,  
And let me love as Francis  
loved,  
To thank the Giver of all  
good.

Make that my prayer.  
My tongue bridled against  
anger.  
My wilful hands relaxed.

Lift up my heart above the  
pain of life.  
Lift up mine eyes to Good-  
ness crucified:  
Lift up my all.

The Truth. The Light. The  
Way.  
The peace left with me.  
Make that my prayer.

The Little Way.  
The way of Love free-given.  
Guide you my feet.

Make of my life a prayer.

Amen.



PAX

From Bob Lax

To B and Eddie,

There is a Prince of  
Peace who rules the world,  
And all who seek Him  
Will find Peace.

Love,

Bob.





## IN PRAISE OF WORK

(Continued from December '50 Issue)

Have we experienced the exhilaration of creativeness in cooking a meal, or making a loaf of bread fit to eat? Have we understood the sublimity of SERVICE, humble, daily, constantly repeated? Or do we dream of more gadgets, to take all zest out of life, and leave us with long weary hours of leisure that serve to lead us ever further from God?

Maybe some day soon, through Josefa, the lay sister who knew the manual of prayer that is work so well, we shall also learn to prepare our children for it. Yes, all of us are equal before God. But to some He gives the talents of mind, to others the talents of hands. Let it be understood, though, that a B.A. . . . an M.A. . . . or a Ph.D. IS NOT AN ASSURED PASSPORT TO HEAVEN.

Among the roads of life opening to modern youth, is the road of SERVICE THROUGH MANUAL WORK. Let us open this road before their eager eyes. Even from a natural point of view, it is a remunerative one. A maid or a cook, these strange days, commands a greater salary than a college professor. So does a carpenter or a plumber.

All we have to get rid of is the pagan attitude of despising manual labor and exalting intellectual work. Both are good. Let us deal in both.

## Pause For Prayer

Josefa of the Sacred Heart, help us to restore all work, but especially the WORK OF OUR HANDS TO CHRIST!

Behold the life of a lay sister, in any Order that employs them, recognizing thus the division of graces and talents given to man by God. She walks in contemplation. Hers are the tasks that require almost no speech. The outside world rarely intrudes on her hallowed days. And if it does, as in the case of a portress, it is only to pass her by, to go to someone above, or to offer her a vast field for charity.

All day she serves, God and men. Spotless are the long quiet corridors of a convent. She made them so. Who cannot read in the dustless floor, gone over with a soft mop so painstakingly, and so thoroughly and so lovingly, the prayers that are written there?

Dustless is every table and chair in the house. She made them so. Who can count the glories of that endless bending and kneeling that brought such immaculateness into this house dedicated to God?

At the long table of the convent kitchen, vegetables are ready for cooking. Potatoes finely cut. Carrots, their flaming red beauty scrubbed and washed. Spinach in all its green glory and with

nary a grain of the sand it hugged only an hour ago.

## Vegetables or Threads?

But are these only vegetables ready for cooking? Or are they threads of white and red and green that the loving hands of a lay sister have woven into a cloth of surpassing beauty for the Christ Child to play on?

Behold the white of her utter dedication . . . the red of her love . . . the green of her hope . . . all bound with the gold of her days spent in serving others. Or do our blinded eyes miss this beauty?

Bells call her to chapel, even as they do the choir sisters. What does she bring the Lord? A pair of work worn hands . . . a soul aflame with love . . . a heart filled with but one thought . . . TO SERVE.

And He, the Carpenter, bends down and taking her hands into His Own, feels in their roughness that of His own. Thus two sets of work-worn hands become entwined. One pierced with nails . . . the other wounded with service . . . meet in utter love.

Josefa . . . HELP US TO SEE THE BEAUTY . . . THE CREATIVENESS . . . THE JOY . . . THE POWER . . . OF MANUAL WORK. FIRST BY INCREASING THE VOCATIONS TO THE LAY SISTERHOODS . . . SECONDLY BY INCREASING, IN THE WHOLE WORLD, THE DESIRE TO SERVE THROUGH WORK. AMEN.

## Homemaker's Creed

I believe homemaking is a noble and challenging career,  
I believe homemaking is an art requiring many different skills,  
I believe homemaking requires the best of my efforts, my abilities, my thinking,  
I believe home reflects the spirit of the homemaker,  
I believe home should be a place of peace, joy and contentment,  
I believe no task is too humble that contributes to the cleanliness, the order, the health, the well-being of the household.  
I believe a homemaker must be true to the ideals of love, loyalty, service and religion,  
I believe home must be an influence for good in the neighborhood, the community, the country.

## YOUTH SHUNS

(Continued from Page One)

And so would your order be, if you shed your reserve, your shyness, and gave youth that incredible, sublime, and marvelous vocation of yours in its FULL HARDNESS.

I will try to tell you more, in my next letter, about this important point we are both so interested in.

## Parish Revolution

DEAR SEMINARIAN by Catherine de Hueck. 87 pages. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$1.75.

MISSION TO THE POOREST by Jacques Loew, O.P. 184 pages. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$3.00.

REVOLUTION IN A CITY PARISH by Abbe G. Michonneau. 189 pages. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. Cloth, \$2.50. Paper, \$1.25.

THE PRIEST in the contemporary world is a subject of acute interest to the Catholic laity and to those outside the Church. This is evidenced, for example, by the considerable number of recent novels in which priests are central characters.

Paradoxically, in a civilization ever more secularized, the priest exerts a greater fascination and excites a sharper curiosity than ever before.

It may be because he is the living symbol of an abiding reality when all is speedy change, of a mighty mystery when disillusionment and despondency are general.

But if the world today examined the priest with heightened interest, the priest is closely examining himself as to the efficacy of his ministry to the world.

## A STIRRING BOOK

It is not that he doubts the power of his office and its pertinence to our times; he is absolutely sure of both.

But he is wondering whether he, the human instrument of divinity is, in his approach and his methods—that is, the specific use of his office here and now—calculated to be as effective as possible.

Is he reaching men in 1950 A.D. as Christ reached them in 30 A.D.?

The student for the priesthood is anxious to learn how best to do the ever timely work of the Lord. Evidently a number of seminarians have written to Catherine de Hueck, founder of the Friendship House and an outstanding leader of the lay apostolate, for suggestions.

Her replies to these queries are gathered in a book entitled *Dear Seminarian* which makes provocative reading for priests and people alike.

The primary feature of her answer is holiness. The priest must be holy, genuinely, thoroughly, and radiantly holy. It is holiness which the people need and want, which will impress and attract, which will light fires in them.

For this, prayer is requisite. Then, the priest must be seen and approachable; he must go among the people and be accessible. He must bridge a gap which the author feels is widening.

He must reach them in his sermons, speaking their language, not diluting doctrine but bringing it within their range. He must show them their high vocation and rouse them to it, demanding everything for the love of God and indicating how different this will make their lives.

He must demonstrate the relevance of the Gospel to the things of everyday, whether personal or social, and encourage lay activity for making pagan surroundings Christian.

This is a stirring book which will leave no reader unaffected. It is instinct with reverence and will inculcate this in the lay reader, opening his eyes to the splendor of the priesthood which many do not see because of the foibles of individual priests.

It will be informative and inspiring for the priest, as well as the seminarian, living in an atmosphere of suffocating worldiness.

## PARISH SURVEY

CATHERINE DE HUECK says that the priest should make a survey of the social and economic condition of his parish. This is what, in a very special way, Father Jacques Loew, O.P., did in the slum area of the French port city of Marseilles to which he was assigned.

He describes his work in *Mission to the Poorest*.

He took a job on the docks and went to live in a thronged, dilapidated tenement. Here people existed not merely in poverty but in what Leon Bloy says is worse—misery.

The priest shared it with them, eating soup made from garbage, for example.

He found that these people were pagans with a faint coloration of Christian superstition. Even this vestige of contextless and perverted Christian ideas was fading.

"Can one speak of supernatural 'feelings' among the people? I believe that the answer must be No. On the contrary, their souls are aware of a great emptiness."

The Church means nothing to them; the parish is non-existent for them; they see life as a span of years to be struggled and suffered through, and after that—nothing, annihilation.

The utter absence of a glimmering of the Christian reality in people nominally Catholic was profoundly shocking to Father Loew. He sought the reasons for it.

The principal reason was that the Church, the clergy had lost touch with these people. The Church was not present to them in the humble particulars of their living, and their peculiar situation and necessities were not seen and appreciated.

Again and again, —Father Loew insists on the indispensability of bringing Christ among the people. With equal force he insists on the indispensability of "regarding man not under this or that aspect, but in the totality of his life, good and bad alike."

"In the big modern city (where) MAN IS LOST," the clergy must go to him and minister to him in the concrete circumstances of his being; otherwise he is untouched and their work is fruitless.

Father Loew now has other priests assisting him. They conduct a proletarian parish. What it is like is described by Maisie Ward, who contributes introductory and concluding chapters.

The success of his methods is manifest. It is no swift, spectacular success. Slowly, laboriously the christianizing of a dechristianized area is proceeding.

There may not be in our country any exact parallel to the Marseilles area in which Father Loew is pursuing his heroic apostolate. Even so, this engrossing book is of capital importance in indicating the ravage of secularism and teaching that it is essential to consider the lives of people as they are in order to make the Christian ministry apposite and telling.

## CRACKLING LINES

ANOTHER SORT of problem and solution are presented in *Revolution in a City Parish* by the Abbe G. Michonneau. The parish in question is in the Archdiocese of Paris.

The author is in charge of it, and although he is not a priest-workman in the manner of Father Loew, he has made an inquiry quite as searching as the latter's and adopted methods in some ways quite as radical.

There are probably few, if any, American parishes in precisely the state of that of Colombes when Father Michonneau took it over, but we are here forcefully reminded of the need of critically considering the ministry to see whether it applies to, and works in, the actual situation.

Father Michonneau discovered that, in the territory entrusted to him, the Faith had all but disappeared. The fullness of Catholicism was forgotten, its fire gone out.

He had to revive a moribund parish.

In a series of brisk, hard-hitting chapters he discloses what he did about the liturgy, about preaching, about money, about parish athletics (he scrapped them), about societies and sodalities, about teaching the children, etc.

Every line that he writes crackles and affords stimulation. He stirs one up to examine whether this parish, which Cardinal Suhard in his preface calls "the local and universal seat of the Redemption," is doing its job as it should.—J.S.K.

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